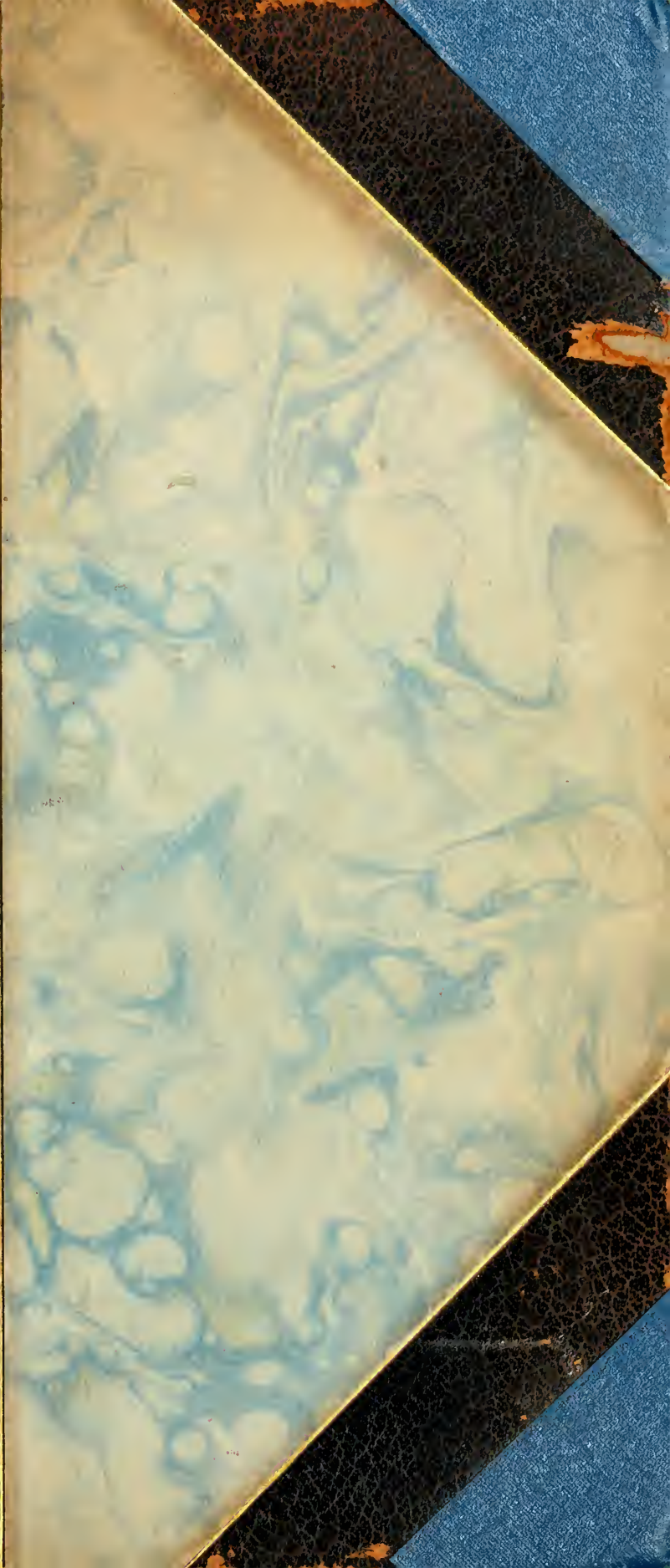


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DON QUIXOTE—PLATE II

DON QUIXOTE CARED FOR AT THE INN



HOGARTH'S
REJECTED and SUPPRESSED
PLATES

*CONSISTING OF THE SEVEN DISCARDED
PLATES TO ILLUSTRATE CERVANTES'S
DON QUIXOTE AND THE "TWO LITTLE
PICTURES, CALLED BEFORE AND AFTER,
FOR MR. THOMSON" : : : :*

WITH AN ESSAY BY THE LATE

JOHN LA FARGE

PRESIDENT SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS

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No. 135

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THE ESSAY
BY
JOHN LA FARGE

WILLIAM HOGARTH



ON the 25th of October, 1764, says his biographer, "William Hogarth, very weak, but remarkably cheerful, received an agreeable letter from the *American*, *Dr. Franklin*, and drew up a rough draft of an answer to it. * * * Two hours afterward, he expired."

"Death had closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

I have not been able to find this last correspondence between the Englishman and the American. It would

be interesting to know in what terms Doctor Franklin recognized the value of the English artist, and how the Englishman acknowledged compliments from a man who was to be, a few years later, one of the great actors in the separation of America from England, and to help that development of character which has taken us further and further from understanding the genius of William Hogarth. For Hogarth's genius not only belonged essentially to the eighteenth century's middle strength, to ideas unaffected by the inquiries, the sentiments, the agitations, which closed the century, and are prolonged into to-day, but he is also essentially English in the national and insular force of the word. Had he lived on with his full aggressive powers of fight, what caricatures and libels might he not have created to insult the views and the actions which later were to belong to our own development.

It is natural to wish to realize the state of mind of those from whom we broke, and to pursue our intellectual genealogy into the ancient homes. For this re-entering into the past, such a work as Hogarth's is a great help. Unlike most artists, he built his pictures

out of the more transitory materials of politics and nationalism. The average heart of his time and place beats strongly in his pictures; their purpose and their morality seem at first sight limited to the use of that moment only, and it is only through the man's power—what we call genius—that the eternal truth lurks all through the smaller transient facts he liked to produce. At first sight, we may well feel that all these images are born naturally of that gross period which was steadily preparing England's greatness: the political venality, the moral corruption, the unblushing effrontery, as well as the slowness, the patience, the stupidity, which helped along the career of the nation. Religious fervor, chivalry, respect for the virtues of others, are with him subjects of contempt and abuse. A great part of these surface characteristics are still visible to us at moments in the life of England; perhaps more at this special moment than during the years when more humanitarian sentiments belonged to the outside of public life, when the quiet of scandals had not been agitated by the publicity of the newspaper, and the gradually growing interchange of class habits.

When we reflect, however, or when we know better, we see typified in Hogarth a rude sense of justice, and the average morality and commonplace philosophy which are the great human basis that saves families and nations, whenever the individuals of note appear to disgrace the good repute of their fellows. And there is a certain safety in calling a spade a spade, even if we had rather not mention the word, and an open dislike of shams may sometimes tend to discourage them. But though the caricaturist and the satirist occasionally support injustice and protect the wrong, the habit of an organized dislike of what, on the whole, mankind dislikes,—in others, at least,—must produce a moral temper which will in the main support the nobler views.

With Hogarth, there is only the difficulty of having a spade called a spade, and that we who look at his harsh pictures of both right and wrong have usually rather different ways of failing, rather more elegant successes in virtue. We do not get drunk with the ostentation of Hogarth's gentlemen. Even if the haggard brutality of the poor and ignorant remains the same, it is probably less picturesque, that is to say, has not so distinct

a type of its own, resembles more the brutality of the more fortunate. The variety of types has been levelled. The outside dress is the same for the "Prince" and the vulgarian. Perhaps the princes have come down, and the vulgarians have risen, but I am not at all sure of it. Yet I think that certainly no dilettante foolishness of to-day can be dressed as typically as it was once in the pictures which Hogarth saw, and which he painted in the *Rake's Progress* and the *Marriage à la Mode*. Even the mild attempts at dressing the part which obtain occasionally the European society, need to be violently exaggerated by the caricaturist to make them typify character.

A caricature which should be as much a portrait of real life as Hogarth's would not to-day allow us to look behind the scenes. We might take it for any representation of commonplace life, select or otherwise; it would need to be aided by some abstract artistic rendering: for instance, to be in select black-and-white, like Mr. Du Maurier's drawings. The caricaturist of to-day who wishes to produce an adequate effect is obliged to synthesize like Mr. Caran d'Ache, and help us to understand, by showing how much he can leave out. With Hogarth,

all is the other way. He remains a painter, a lover of all the many divisions of nature which painters like. It is ✱ possible to look at his paintings, or, at least, at some of them, and forget, as one might before nature itself, everything but the beauties of physical sight. ✱ The details of reality which help to give to the intellect the sense of fierce contempt, are often pleasant bits of technique, as, for instance, to choose a very small matter, the red hair of Lady Bingley in the "Toilet Scene" of the *Marriage à la Mode*, or the open mouth of the fashionable singer.

How beautifully the shadow falls behind the group in the Election Prints (the "Canvassing for Votes"). In what a grand way its great diagonal separates the little group of the two landlords contending for the vote of the newly-arrived farmer. In these, or such works, Hogarth employed that "grand manner," which he was unable to obtain or to use when he tried for it, in his grand subjects. But of that psychological question we can think further on. ✱ This very picture, the "Canvassing for Votes," gives us at once separate and typical costumes of the "Blue" and "Yellow" landlords, the farmer, the electioneering agent, the Jew peddler, the cobbler, and so forth. ✱ Each ✱

one wears, as it were, the tools of his trade. Their habit of life is indicated in every fold of their dresses, nor do I suppose that it could have entered their head to wear a certain cravat, because of the "Prince's" wearing it. In that way, what we here call caricature is separated from our problems by an abyss of social changes.

It would seem but natural to look upon Hogarth's famous pictures as a manner of continuation of the Dutch painters, who represented life in a certain spirit of caricature, but pursued in their works a continual study of all the problems of technical painting. Nothing can be better painted than a Jan Steen, or a Brauer, or a Terborch. The connection between the painting of England and the painting of Holland is the explanation of Hogarth's similiarity. But it is only in his respect for nature, and his liking for the accomplishments of painting, that this similiarity, exists. There is very little among the Dutchmen of that fierce moral sentiment, that want of respect for superiority, which is the great strength of Hogarth. The Dutchmen laugh with some sympathy at the brutality of the lower orders: when they represent people of their own class or of the ruling classes, they

change their attitude of mind to fit another psychology. The bluff cavalier in the picture of Terborch, who good-naturedly extends his fat fist full of money to the modest lady of the *demi-monde*, is represented in such a way that we perceive at once how his mind and hers work more elaborately than those of the *canaille*. There is no apparent moral judgment of them by the painter. It is merely as if the wall of the room were removed, and we saw people unawares and exactly as they are externally. There is, perhaps, as little caricature in such a painting as it is possible to find in any painting whatever. Even great and noble works might have some overcharge (*caricatura*) necessary to underline a meaning and assert an ideal.

With Hogarth, the entire meaning is loaded with the intentions of exaggeration and of partisanship. Had he treated the same eternal subject as Terborch, we should have felt his hatred for the man's brutality, and his contempt for the woman's meanness. We should not have the impression of an honest, good fellow, somewhat loose about small matters, or of a lady with a keen sense of business, but who might begin and end life most virtuously and properly. A spade would be called a spade, and

there would be no doubt about it. Perhaps with still more pleasure would Hogarth have struck a blow at the vice of the higher classes. One sees how near he is to that expression of "virtuous resentment" which honors a Johnson, and how he feels in the upper classes or in the classes that have power, an overbearing insolence which even the colossal rudeness of Johnson was sufficient to meet adequately. *As Hogarth said himself, his pictures were "addressed to hard hearts." * No one had thus painted before him, and the hypocrisy of England, its increasing outward show of respectability, based, as such things are, upon the existence of real virtue in many, have never allowed another expression in art, either literary or artistic, or such a moral temperament as William Hogarth. Nor anywhere else, I believe, has it come up again, except in France of the last sixty years, where a tradition of the fierce appeal to "hard hearts" has persisted from the drawings of Daumier to the last caricatures of Forain.

By what I have said above, I by no means mean that Hogarth was an imitator of the Dutch, but it is impossible to suppose that he could have done otherwise than learn from those who were the masters of the preceding age.

Their works were not far to seek, and many of their special qualities he himself embodies. I speak of him as a painter, not as an engraver or a draughtsman, in the uncertain sense with which we use this last unfortunate word. He draws always as well as is necessary, and the interior drawing, as it is called, of his painting, is, of necessity, excellent, or we should not have that vital action and accuracy of expression which distinguish him in his paintings quite as well as in his engravings.

It is always a surprise for foreigners, who have not the habit of Hogarth, and know him only by his engravings, to find him so excellent a technician in painting. There is something beyond the excellent quality of his color, and its fulness; beyond the proper placing in the air of the objects he wishes to represent; beyond the subtlety of execution, either coarse or fine, of an enormous mass of all sorts of material, furniture, carpets, pictures on the wall, the out-door surfaces of houses, and so forth;—there is also, beyond all this, a certainty and manliness of touch which, of course, should belong to his moral character, but, of course, also, imply study and constant perception.

Johnson used the right word, when he spoke of Hogarth's "curious eyes."

It seems difficult to understand, or rather, to have a clear understanding of, Hogarth's failing in some of his greatest qualities whenever he tried most strenuously in those subjects which most needed them. "I entertained," he says, "some hopes of succeeding in what the Puffers in books call '*the great style of history-painting*'; so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted some portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories,—the *Pool of Bethesda*, and the *Good Samaritan*. These I presented to the charity, and thought that they might serve as a specimen to show that were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

It may be that some analyst will be able to give us the exact causes which allowed Hogarth to make such a singularly specific failure in his "historical" paintings.

I mean by this conventional word, for instance, the paintings of the *Pool of Bethesda*, *The Finding of Moses*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Anne Boleyn*, etc. Properly, his historical paintings are the great comic ones, *The March to Finchley*, *The Election Series*,—indeed, all of his work which has a comic side. In the representation of a story, he seems to have needed this accentuation of comedy to keep himself from caricature. The true caricatures are his religious paintings. I confess to a certain inability when I try to explain and, if possible, excuse the genius of Hogarth, in these sorry instances. It would almost seem as if the spirit of reverence was an unaccustomed mood with this man, who, however, certainly inculcated a solid respect for the average good, and a contempt for evil. His is not the only case, however, in English art. It might almost be said, that, except for something of Maddox Brown and something of the Italian, Rossetti,* there never has been any noble rendering of a religious subject by an English painter.

It would, therefore, be unjust to single out Hogarth, and point out his failure. His work is but an exaggeration of the attitude of other English painters who have

*I have purposely left out William Blake.

tried such subjects. They seem to act in their comprehension of the drama proposed to them as if they must abstain from supposing it to belong to human nature, to the story of humanity, and to merely such a representation as might be made in an orderly sermon or a tedious prayer. Charles Lamb, in his defence of Hogarth, has pointed this out. He ends one of his remarks, in the direction that I am taking, with these words: "Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. Da Vinci and Raphael (themselves by their divine countenances inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in person of their Heaven-born infant."

It might, therefore, be pardonable, as by a race instinct, that Hogarth should have failed in his religious stories; one might say, he is only to blame for having considered himself bound to undertake them. But he is also deplorable when he undertakes, let us say, *Henry VIII.* and *Anne Bolcyn*. His heroes are nothing whatever, at the most; they may hardly rise to the height of

being ridiculous. Like many a man accustomed to laugh at others, Hogarth does not seem to have any perception of what might be ridiculous in himself. His astonishing humor stops at his own acts. When he attempted to ridicule an artist immeasurably greater than himself, Rembrandt, his caricature seems to be not any real attack on Rembrandt, but a distorted travesty of his own qualities and his own faults.

Here, again, the disagreeable side of British character comes up,—one feels the narrow hatred of the opponent or the superior, and the determination to carry off injustice by insolence. The great rival painter, Rembrandt,—if we think it necessary to bring him down to the level of Hogarth,—was a rival in all Hogarth's special qualities. The dramatist, the teller of stories, the master of composition, the great technical painter, the mind full of humor, but as grave as Hogarth is comic,—a painter who of all other painters had that "curious eye" which Johnson gives to Hogarth, a man in whom tragedy and comedy were blended as in no other artist except Shakespeare, and in all this the greatest, perhaps, of all painters, and yet a Dutchman.

This distortion of Hogarth's mind is a sad thing to dwell upon; but for us who are merely collating the facts, so as to understand Hogarth and his times, it is necessary to take in these marks of the time and of the place. It may even be that to see so simply, so straight-forwardly as Hogarth the object of his dislike, that he might strike at it, a certain capacity for injustice was necessary and was developed by habit and by the combative spirit shown in his various quarrels and controversies. The wrong-headedness of the fighter may have followed him, even in his peaceful art. As usual, in the long run, it has turned against him. But the remainder is solidly good, and Coleridge was right, at least in his intention, when he speaks of "the same Hogarth in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." "Never entirely extinguished the love of beauty" is true, however unfortunate he may have been at moments when he was not a poet. And those are the cases of which we have been thinking. And Coleridge is right again in pointing out the gracious existence of some of his characters among crowds of deformities and vices. So that some such figure, in the

words of Coleridge, "diffuses a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness."

These touches of sympathy or kind feeling not only make more tolerable the hardness, even the brutality, of Hogarth's satire, but they add to the seeming truthfulness of the scenes depicted.* They remind us of the existence of good in a world where evil appears to reign.† They make more endurable that necessary exaggeration which must belong to the art of representation, and which makes the bad to be punished and the good to be triumphant, though we know very well that in some other form of art it might be shown how the innocent suffer, and the guilty go at large, with a moral lesson for good quite as powerful as the narrower justice of pictorial art.

It will always be a question by how much the failures and mistakes in a distinguished career are a necessary part of the whole story. The Hogarth that we know and care for is so detached from his failures, that it is only from scrupulousness that I refer again to his peculiar attitude in his heroic compositions and to his rather strange and apparently useless essay, called *The*

Analysis of Beauty, written, as he says, "with a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste." But as these various results were the work of his mind, it might be interesting to draw attention to them and find a reason for them, instead of passing them over on account of their being solid mistakes. The fighting quality of Hogarth's mind is, perhaps, more at the bottom of these productions than any desire for expression or wish to communicate to the world ideas which he considered important and beneficial.

Artists must have suffered in England from the aggravation of a continual comparison of their works with those of the Italian schools, prevalent at that day; and we can quite well understand the annoyance in its various details, by the same experience in our own country under the constant pressure of the alleged superiority of any kind of foreign art. Much of what Hogarth complained of happens in any similar case, and nowhere, I suppose, has any growing school escaped this fate. It is worth while reading what Hogarth has said, notwithstanding that his wrong-headedness, his anxiety to meet the first objection that might come up, instead of choos-

ing his ground, has made the larger part of his protests turn against himself. The same causes have injured a similar attitude of William Blake. Yet there is much wit and keen observation in Hogarth's special pleading, and a permanent value in some of his aphorisms, as, for instance, when he says: "In proportion as they turn bad proficient in their own arts, they become the more considerable in that of a connoisseur. As a confirmation of this seeming paradox, it has ever been observed at all auctions of pictures that the very worst painters sit as the most profound judges, and are trusted only, I suppose, on account of their *disinterestedness*."

To quote or select at any length would be against the intention of a preface. Let us note, however, that occasional fragments of the *Analysis* have a permanent value, and that others have also the advantage of being explanatory of some of Hogarth's methods. But the entire work is like the "historic" paintings, too evidently done on purpose from a motive of opposition and argument, which is not at all a basis of sincerity. Hogarth, like many of us, was also entrapped by the idea of the existence of "Beauty" as an actual entity—something

that can be taken hold of by the hand, or apprehended by the mind and existing of itself. We are usually the slaves of the words which are used, or which we use to help us to think; and we make divinities of them, quite as real as those of our ancestors' mythology.

The pursuit of the "Line of Beauty" is a fallacy common to others than Hogarth, though that may not have been the guide of his design, but merely a sort of accidental discovery, used afterward as a formula of excuse and defence, and a weapon of attack, or another method of holding his own and fighting his way. Of course, there is a serious truth at the bottom of such a disquisition, which might be useful if conducted in good faith, which was impossible to Hogarth's mind. An essay toward the classification of certain likings of the human eye might be attempted. These prejudices or reasonable likings of the eye have been considered or sought after in all works of art which time has approved of, and that is as far as one could go to-day.

Hogarth's uncritical attitude was, of course, the very worst one for such a study, and it is quite natural

that this essay of his should be uncared for and forgotten. If written with sincerity, it might have explained both to the layman and to the young student some of the points which are serious considerations in the mind of artists—the painters and the sculptors. It contains a description of what must be, more or less, Hogarth's manner of painting, and that, of course, is historically valuable. Indeed, we cannot be too well persuaded of the importance of the technical statements of artists as helps toward a continuance of the history of art, and as an explanation of what they have done. I mean by this last that their methods necessarily react upon their conceptions and are indissolubly connected with them. In this way, Hogarth's words about color and drawing are worth consulting, all the more, that he seems to have abandoned his own views in those curious competitions,—those pieces of work which he did to challenge others, or to prove others in the wrong. For, again, I can see no other better formula as an excuse for the so-called historic paintings.

The connection of *The Analysis of Beauty* with the

“historic” paintings is some latent belief in the possibility of the manufacture of the “beautiful work of art,” without reference to emotion, or belief, or sensitiveness to the idea expressed. It remains astonishing that, on the contrary, Hogarth should not have seen by his own work that only that which had the basis of interest and sentiment could be good or beautiful.

I have tried to find some explanation in the combative quality of our artist’s mind, and in that singular capacity for injustice and misapprehension that belongs to his nation. But it is only a way of stating the question over again.

Notwithstanding the apparent failure of Hogarth’s essay, I should recommend its careful persual to the student of artistic criticism. Not only does it contain the expression, however confused, of one peculiar form of the artistic mind, but it has also interesting statements of many truths which are formulated in a very different manner from the language of to-day. This slight difference of angle of vision might allow the student to see still better the shape of the idea. It has so interested

me; and, indeed, we might well be pleased to find an expression of the eighteenth century in whatever Hogarth has written. As we leave behind more and more the manners and expressions of thought of the last century, we may, perhaps, realize how necessary to understand ourselves is the study of our fathers.

JOHN LA FARGE.

Engravings after Hogarth

DON QUIXOTE

Six of the seven subjects that follow were engraved by Hogarth, probably in 1737 or 1738, for Lord Carteret's Spanish edition of Cervantes's masterpiece, published by Tonson; but not proving acceptable, they were set aside in favor of Vanderbank's, which were engraved by Vandergucht.

The seventh print, *Sancho's Feast*, though probably engraved by Hogarth about 1733, has been put at the close of the series, it being considered more convenient, in view of its uncertain date, to include it with the others illustrating earlier passages of the same work. This print was probably drawn and engraved as a sample of the artist's conception of the humorous spirit of Cervantes's text at a time when Hogarth's efforts were being directed to book illustration.

There are two other plates, attributed by Mr. John Ireland to Hogarth, illustrating *Don Quixote*, but their

D O N Q U I X O T E — Continued

authenticity is not unquestioned. Even still less acceptable is a series of twelve other illustrations that have been credited to the same pencil for the same work. Details of these prints are therefore unnecessary. The seven engravings following are unquestionably Hogarth's.

PLATE I
MARCELA'S DEFENCE AT THE GRAVE OF
CHRYSOSTOM

This print illustrates the scene at the burial of the shepherd-student Chrysostom, when, after Ambrosio had finished reading the lay of the dead man, Marcela, the lovely shepherdess, suddenly appears, and defends herself against the blame attributed to her of having caused Chrisostom's death by not requiting his love. Don Quixote, the chivalrous defender of the weak, has listened to her, and, convinced by her reasoning, stands ready to forbid any one to follow her after her declamation.

The incident is narrated in Part I., chap. xiv., of *Don Quixote*, done into English by Henry Edward Watts.

DON QUIXOTE—PLATE I

*MARCELA'S DEFENCE AT THE GRAVE OF
CHRYSOSTOM*



PLATE II

DON QUIXOTE CARED FOR AT THE INN

During his adventure with some evil-minded Yanguesan carriers, the Knight of the Rueful Feature had received severe punishment as well as unworthy defeat. He had been unable to overcome the storm of staff blows that they rained on him. The chivalrous gentleman is here portrayed lying uneasily on a coarse pallet in the loft of the second inn that he deemed a fair castle, and to which fortune had guided his steps with his faithful Sancho. The innkeeper's wife and daughter are ministering to his needs, and covering his bruised body from head to foot with healing plasters, while Maritornes, the Asturian serving-wench, does duty as light-bearer. Sancho, who perforce has individual recollections of the ill-fated encounter, is philosophically endeavoring to bear his own pains while sustaining, in argument with

P L A T E I I — Continued

the hostess, his master's reputation against the tell-tale bruises that suggest his having been beaten rather than having fallen on rocks. Assuredly, there is no lack of character in this boldly executed engraving.

The text illustrated is in Part I., chap. xvi., of Watts's translation.

(Frontispiece)

PLATE III

THE LOFTY ADVENTURE AND RICH WINNING OF NAMBRINO'S HELMET

One of the most ludicrous incidents recounted by the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli is that illustrated by this print. The Manchegan knight, after his thrilling adventure in which he discovered the fulling-mills, pursues his wandering course and sees a mounted man wearing a glittering head-covering, which he takes to be the enchanted helmet of Mambrino. As the man draws near, Don Quixote, without parleying with him, bears upon him with lance couched, at Rozinante's full gallop, but the barber (for such he was, mounted on a gray ass, and wearing a clean and shining brass bason over his new hat to protect it from the falling rain), with prudence, slides down from his ass and scampers off, leaving the coveted and gleaming prize to the proud knight, whose fatuous imagination has blinded him to the fact

P L A T E I I I — Continued

that the discomfited horseman was a poor neighboring village barber, mounted, not on a dapple-gray steed, but on a poor ass, and wore but a commonplace barber's bason over his hat.

The adventure is related in Watts's *Don Quixote*, Part I., chap. xxi.



DON QUIXOTE—PLATE III

*THE LOFTY ADVENTURE AND RICH WINNING OF
MAMBRINO'S HELMET*



PLATE IV
DON QUIXOTE LIBERATES THE GALLEY-
SLAVES

Borne onward by his impetuous zeal in the cause of knight-errantry, the ingenious Don Quixote is unable to discriminate in his sacred task of relieving the oppressed and redressing the wrongs of the weak. This print illustrates Part I., chap. xxii., of the Watts version, which describes the don's meeting with a chain-gang of galley-slaves marching under the conduct of guards: their tales in answer to his questioning suffice but to quicken his ardor in their defence. He attacks the commissary, unhorses him, and then runs a tilt at the other officers. In the *mêlée*, the convicts, seeing a possibility of escape, break their chain and complete the discomfiture of the guards. One of the most desperate

P L A T E I V — Continued

of the party is being freed by Sancho from his fetters, but the latter is evidently much in dread of the consequent vengeance of the Holy Brotherhood. That the freed criminals should turn on their deliverers, and, after severely maltreating them, strip them of their belongings, is readily understood; even the sturdy faith of Don Quixote was shaken for a moment by this misadventure.



DON QUIXOTE—PLATE IV

DON QUIXOTE LIBERATES THE GALLEY-SLAVES



PLATE V
DON QUIXOTE MEETING THE KNIGHT OF
THE RANGES

Since the misadventure with the galley-slaves, but a few hours had elapsed, when, under apprehension of the Holy Brotherhood's capturing them for their illegal interference, Don Quixote and his faithful squire take to the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena to keep in hiding. Thither, too, from the same motive, the arch-rascal, Ginès de Passamonte, takes refuge, and completes the measure of his ingratitude by robbing Sancho of his ass. While continuing their journey, Don Quixote finds the money and belongings of some luckless traveller; the former, Sancho secures as a covert prize that his master disdains while revelling in the love-sick verses found in a memorandum-book. This find stirring the don's curiosity, he determines to discover by whom they were

P L A T E V — Continued

abandoned. Chance directs them in the way of a goat-herd, who explains the appearance of a distraught creature in the neighborhood. During their conference, the ill-starred, tattered Knight of the Ranges approaches them. After suffering himself to be embraced by Don Quixote, the "Tattered one of the Sorry Feature" stands back to examine the knight's features and armor, in order, as it seems, to recall them to his memory.

This meeting is the subject of the illustration, and the incident is related in Watts's text, Part I., chap. xxiii.



DON QUIXOTE—PLATE V

DON QUIXOTE MEETS THE KNIGHT OF THE RANGES



PLATE VI
THE CURATE AND THE BARBER DISGUI-
ING THEMSELVES TO CONVEY DON
QUIXOTE HOME

Great was the alarm of the priest and barber for Don Quixote's safety when they learned from Sancho of his master's vagaries. The faithful squire had left the knight in the Sierra Morena to muse over his lady's beauty while he undertook a mission to the fair Dulcinea at El Toboso. On arriving close to the inn where he had previously suffered the indignity of being tossed in a blanket, he fell in with the priest and barber, and recounted his enterprise and the knight's whereabouts. As a result, Don Quixote's old neighbor, the priest, conceived the design of inducing the don to return home, by disguising himself as an afflicted damsel, the barber to assume the guise of her squire. Then falling in with the chivalrous knight-errant, they would beseech the don to grant the boon of his accompanying them, without

P L A T E V I — Continued

knowing their destination, to redress the damsel's injury, a boon that the flower of chivalry could not refuse.

The print shows the friends effecting their disguises in a room at the inn; the landlady is a willing accomplice in the well-meant deceit, and acts as dresser, while the gentle Maritornes views the priest's transformation with marked delight.

Sancho, who was acquainted with the plot, is seen at a little distance from the inn regaling himself right merrily, and worthily upholding his reputation for table-valor. Why he would not venture within the inn, as well as the other details incident to the illustration, are described in Part I., chap. xxvii., of Watts's text.



DON QUIXOTE—PLATE VI

*THE CURATE AND THE BARBER DISGUIISING
THEMSELVES*



PLATE VII
SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN

In Cid Hamet's veritable history it is recorded that the faithful Sancho was invested with the governorship of the Island of Barataria. After an account of the profoundly wise judgments rendered by this later Solomon in the Hall of Justice, it is stated that Sancho was conducted to a sumptuous palace, within a chamber of which a royal and very elegant table was laid. With great dignity and attended by great ceremony, the governor occupied the only seat furnished at the table. On one side of the high and mighty Sancho stood a physician, who carried a whalebone wand; courtiers, ladies, and pages surrounded the governor's table, and a band of musicians furnished dulcet harmonies in a neighboring gallery. The table was covered with dishes of fruit and toothsome meats of many kinds. A lace bib is now

P L A T E V I I — Continued

deftly tucked under the governor's chin by a gentle page, another places a dish of fruit before him. All that could gratify the honest but gluttonous Sancho is within his reach; he seizes a luscious fruit, but hardly has he taken a mouthful of it when at a touch of the physician's wand the plate is snatched away. The same exasperating experience attends the governor's attempt to partake of partridges, rabbits, veal, etc., till, in his hunger-stirred wrath, he threatens the physician's life, and declares that he will chase every bad doctor from the island.

This masterfully humorous incident is told in Part II., chap. xlvii., of Watts's very excellent rendering.

As has already been stated, this print was probably engraved a few years earlier than the preceding six, from which, too, it differs in style of execution.



DON QUIXOTE—PLATE VII

SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN



PLATES I AND II
BEFORE AND AFTER

“Two little pictures, called Before and After, for Mr. Thomson, Dec. 7th, 1730.” (Hogarth M.S.) These afterwards belonged to Lord Bessborough. In 1833 they were in the possession of Mr. H. R. Willett. There is a sketch of “Before” in the Royal Collection.

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